

O Living Bread from Heaven

Johann Rist, 1651.

Samuel Wesley, 1864.

O living bread from Heaven,  
How hast Thou fed Thy guest!  
The gifts Thou now hast given  
Have filled my heart with rest.  
O wondrous food of blessing,  
O cup that heals our woes,  
My heart, this gift possessing,  
In thankful song o'erflows!

My Lord, Thou here hast led me  
Within Thy holiest place,  
And there Thyself hast fed me  
With treasures of Thy grace;  
And Thou hast freely given  
What earth could never buy,  
The Bread of Life from Heaven,  
That now I shall not die.

Thou givest all I wanted,  
The food can death destroy;  
And Thou has freely granted  
The cup of endless joy.  
And Lord, I do not merit  
The favor Thou hast shown,  
And all my soul and spirit  
Bow down before Thy throne.

Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened  
With heavenly food, while here  
My course on earth is lengthened,  
I serve with holy fear;  
And when Thou call'st my spirit  
To leave this world below,  
I enter, through Thy merit,  
Where joys unmingled flow.